



It's the new

Owner

The Omen

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Policy Box!

The Omen accepts from any member of the Hampshire community. We will not edit anything you write, as long as you are willing to be responsible for what you say. Libel, which we personally find amusing and entertaining for countless hours is just not able to be printed in this forum.

Submissions, which includes just about anything involving the Hampshire community in some way (news, opinions, artwork, etc.), are due on Saturday nights at 8:00 to the editor of the section in which you wish to appear, or to Ben Sanders (E-307, box 710), Jonathan Land (E-311, box 527), or Dave Wilcox (Mod 56, take a walk to Enfield, you bastards, box 865). We prefer submissions on disk (IBM or HIGH DENSITY Macintosh), although hard copy (on paper, dumbass) is okay as well. Label your stuff well and it will make it back to you with no problem.

So give us your news, commentary, short fiction, comics, satire, poetry, art, bulletins, questions, and anything else you can think of, and your beloved community rag will dish it back 250 times. What better way to be heard?

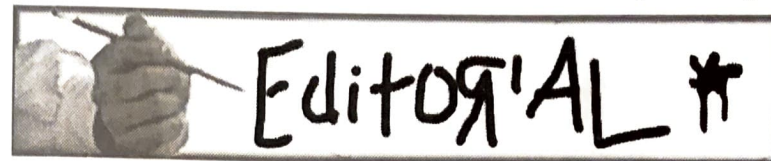
"Confusion"

-Flavor Flav

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What's your problem? A.D.D....Huh?



I Love You Debbie...I Mean Liana

Well, Happy New Year kids, I hope you had a pleasant break, ate good food and got good stuff. First off, I would like to share with you my New Year's resolution: better distribution to the mods. Sorry kids. Anyway, enough of this mushy, teary-eyed crap. I have a soul-searching story to tell.

It was on New Year's Eve. I went to a small club in the West Village in New York (Don Hill's) with my newly-wed wife, Liana "X". I went there with the prospect of leaving her high and dry for the performer we went to see that night, **Deborah Harry**, of **Blondie** infamy (mmmm, Debbie). Mind you, I had my apprehensions. First I thought, what if she doesn't play any Blondie songs? I didn't care if she played any new material, actually I hoped she would, but let's face it, the crowd would be going for the classics. I was also feeling pity for her, I kept thinking that about fifteen years ago, a Blondie concert would have been in a huge arena with tens-of-thousands of adoring fans all gnawing at the bit to buy their advance tickets. Now, Debbie Harry was playing at a club that couldn't have held more than 250-300 people. They sold about 100 tickets in advance, (Liana

and I had 94 and 95). Here's how it went.

We arrived at Don Hill's at 2:00 in the morning, (she was supposed to go on at 2:30). There was this scarily unoriginal New York angry-tattooed-female punk/hardcore (whatever) band, called the Lunachicks. I knew they had a big cult following but I never ran across them until then. Now I know why New York punks get beat up a lot. They haven't been beaten sufficiently in the past. Anyway, they got their sorry asses off stage by 2:30, and then it was time for Debbie Harry's Mad Man's Drum to set up.

She came on at 3:30, which is way past my bedtime (mmmm, Debbie, bedtime). By this point both Liana and I were tired of standing around, waiting, and watching the various deviant pornography (interspersed with Blondie and Devo videos) that was being shown on the TV, as well as just being plain old tired.

Here it was, the moment I had been waiting for, the object of my infatuation, Debbie Harry. But wait, who was that old, bloated chick who looked like she was a rejected Las Vegas showgirl. IT WAS HER!!! Debbie, what happened? I couldn't believe it, she was not-



A 1979 picture of Debbie Harry in her prime

ing like I expected. My life had just taken a sharp twist.

Of course, I should have realized that I haven't really seen any pictures of her past 1982, that's right, 13 years ago (mmmm, young Debbie). I also should have realized that her career's been in the shitter a lot over the past decade. Anyway, she started playing some new songs that were pretty good, and then I remembered the most important thing. SHE HAD TALENT! Then she started playing some Blondie material, drastically altered, and it was totally amazing. The show ruled!

I was so glad I went, and I was glad that Liana enjoyed it also. To be honest, this little anecdote doesn't have much of a

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Paxil, Klonopin, Zoloft, and Valium (Or, My Life as a DSM-III 30021)

(Please excuse my writing, I am an NS student and have no writing skills. But I thought I should write this because I remember how awful it was to suffer alone, thinking I was the only person in the state with this rare, embarrassing disorder. Know that I know better, I want to inspire those who need help to seek it.)

I am a fourth-year Div II student. Early my first year, I started having panic attacks. Sometimes I wouldn't leave my room for days. I couldn't (and still can't) take the bus. I now know I have agoraphobia with panic attacks. The severity of my condition has waxed and waned, but last summer it was so bad I couldn't drive up to the corner store for a pack of cigarettes, much less hold down a job. Other times I have been practically symptom-free, gaily driving around Detroit just to get out of the house. But it has been difficult, making up excuses why I can't hop on the bus with friends, why I need a car ride to another campus, why I can't go dancing or partying off campus. I feel shame about my disorder, and until now I have tried to tell as few people as possible about it. The person who has given me courage to open up is the one who can laugh at his disorder, at his medication, and not take it all so seriously. He knows who he is, and I owe him more than I can

ever say.

Health Services was not much help, giving me Valium to take occasionally. It has taken me three years to find a psychiatrist who can actually help me. Now I am doing reasonably well. I've found people with similar problems, people you would not expect to have mental disorders.

I have also found that many of my friends and acquaintances are on medication for various reasons - depression, panic attacks, other mood disorders. To those out there suffering, take heart. You are not alone. I think, considering our numbers, that Health

continued on next page

Debbie Continued

point, I just wanted to let everyone know that New Wave music is alive and well, and Debbie Harry still kicks ass (mmmm, Debbie, ass).

(By the way, they just re-released the *Best of Blondie* video compilation, which is darn good, and I caved in and bought the *Platinum Collection* (even

though I already have all the original albums except *Plastic Letters*), which has real awesome liner notes by everyone in the band, except Debbie and Chris Stein)

Thanks for listening, kids.

Jonathan Land
Managing Editor
The Hampshire Omen



Here's a photo of Jon and Liana from that fateful night. Photo by Paul Land

Agoraphobics Unite!

Service should have some sort of support group for us. Us meaning we people with mental disorders, serious or not, medicated or not. A support group for people who struggle day-to-day to try and live normally and happily, whatever demons may be in their heads.

If you feel you have mental problems, however stupid and/or embarrassing your symptoms may seem to you, GET HELP. And don't stop seeking that help until you find someone who you feel comfortable with and who you feel helps you. Try Health Services first, but if they don't help, see someone else! I looked up my current psychiatrist in the phone book and he is the first one to understand, reassure, and help me. (Dr. Bennet Gaev). And be sure to tell them everything. Dr. Gaev was the first person who I could tell *all* my problems to, even the ones that seemed really psychotic to me - compulsive hand-washing, for example. He encouraged me, told me my symptoms were not abnormal for my disorder, and put me on a course of treatment that has helped me immensely. SO SEEK HELP AND DO NOT STOP UNTIL YOU GET IT!!! I can not claim to be cured, but my life is brighter and more fulfilling than it was two months ago; nowadays I have more highs than lows, and the lows are not the dark pits of near-suicidal depression that they were before.

What I have learned by being so messed up is not to judge

people so harshly. Lord knows I seem pretty much normal on the outside, because no-one knows what a struggle it is to get up every day and try to live my life. You can never tell what a person's demons are, so be gentle in judging them. I have a hard time living by this, but I try my best and I ask you to do so also.

Finally, kudos to those who have helped me all along, with a hug or a word or a ride to UMass - especially David, Colin, Jon, Michael, Steph, and Christine, who isn't here but I wish with all my heart she was.

Rivka Magee

[Editor's note: You know what? Every Tom, Dick, and Yokel on this campus seems to have "their issue". So I've decided (after reading this piece) that this one will be mine. After all, I have panic disorder too, and that's all it takes around here to make it "an issue" for me. So if anyone wants to go ahead and start this support group, I'll help. Contact me by e-mail (jblf93), mail (box 527), or phone (ext. 5236). By the way, just to let you know my credentials, I've had panic disorder since late last March, I don't know the number of my diagnosis (agoraphobia w/panic attacks), and I've discovered *Valium*, *Xanax*, *Ativan*, and *Prozac*™ along the way. Thank you. -Jonathan Land]



Hi! I'm one of the sorry lames that has been bitching about not getting The omen in the mods last semester. Please make me a player on the darker side of the Hampshire social scene.

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SECTION HATE

What's (Lo)Going on Here?

Author's Note: The views and opinions expressed in the following article are not necessarily those of The Omen, Hampshire College, or, for that matter,

Notes From Limboland

the author himself - he might just be making all of this up. Who's to tell? As always, the tide is high but I'm rolling on. Now, get on with it already. I'm sick of writing in italics.

How do, folks, and welcome back to the splendor that is Limboland.

Well, we did the whole break thing, celebrated whichever holiday was in vogue for our particular religion, got annoyed by our parents, and, for some strange reason that we could not comprehend, actually *wanted* to come back here to Camp Hamp. And so, here we are, suffering through yet another JanTerm. Staying up too late, most likely drinking too much or doing too many illicit drugs, not working on the Divs we so fervently proposed we'd work on over JanTerm, not having any sex, etcetera, etcetera.

Well, that last bit may not be true, but it most likely is. We all know that Hampshire and sex make - if you'll pardon the phrase - strange bedfellows.

At least it hasn't snowed that much. It's actually been kind of nice. It really hasn't been that cold, the snow has held off for the most part, it's been sunny a lot, and right now, as I'm writing this, the temperature's in the high fifties. Fucking bikini weather. This JanTerm, at least weatherwise, has been a hundred times better than last year. God, I remember how much snow we got - too much. Snow snow and more snow. It makes me shiver just thinking about it. At least this year we have been blessed with very little of the white stuff, the marshmallow from heaven, the building blocks of Frosty, and more clever words to that effect.

Watch - we'll get hammered with the nor'easter from hell now that I've said that. I'm not a superstitious person, but would everyone kindly please knock on some wood now? Thank you.

Well, on to more topical matters. It seems we've got a new logo for the college, everybody! Yup. We got a new one especially designed for the twenty-fifth anniversary of our

illustrious institution. Gone is the forever-sacred tree-that-resembles-a-pot-leaf design. In its place we now have a regular ol' "H" surrounded by four different-colored boxes (representative, I am told, of the other Four Colleges). [Editor's note: really? I heard it represents each of the four schools, you know, NS, CCS, etc. If you ask me, it's a subliminal reminder to students that they should get out of here in four years.] Very new-age, post-modernesque, blah blah blah. The only thing is, at first glance, this clever new symbol looks nothing like an H. All you see are these four colored blocks with some black lines running through them, leaving you to go "Hunh?" and try to puzzle out the significance of it all. I only saw the H when someone pointed it out to me.

So, we've got a new logo, and it looks like something a five-year-old came up with one day in kindergarten art class. Who knows? Maybe this is a five-year-old's design, because no one seems to know who came up with the design - or who authorized it, for that matter. You see, as with most new things here

at Camp Hamp, there is a fair amount of controversy riding shotgun. Seems that no one actually *likes* the new design; seems that quite a few staff and faculty members are royally pissed at whichever bureaucratic arm of the administration decided to approve the new logo without consulting the Hampshire community; seems that quite a few students, myself included, share similar feelings. Whoever pushed this thing through - and I have a feeling it's someone in Publications, but I just making an educated guess - was very good at it: they played on the Hampshire community's tendency to be uninformed perfectly. They approved the design, ordered spiffy new Admissions literature with the fucking H-that-is-not-an-H plastered all over it, they ordered new stationary with the logo on it (*not* at the top or the bottom of the page but in the left-hand margin, about a third of the way down the page . . . stupid stupid stupid stupid . . .) . . . then, and only then, did they reveal our new logo to the Hampshire community - when everything was already ordered, when it was too late to change it.

As Edward Albee wrote, "By God, you gotta have a swine to show you where the truffles are." (I'm not sure of the relevance of that statement, but I thought it sounded nifty) I mean, what the fuck?! I'm starting to believe all that cloak-and-dagger Orwellian bullshit that half of the students on this campus spout:

Leggo My Logo

the administration is only out to get us, change us. What I want to know is this: Why the hell wasn't this put to a vote by the entire Hampshire community? Not just the faculty and staff, but the entire community? This logo is our concern as well. It infuriates me that someone (or someones) in the administration thought they could sneak this past us. To whoever approved this design - and I don't give a flying fuck if it's our esteemed Mr. Prince himself; I'm sick and fucking tired of defending his ass - I have this to say: FUCK YOU, YOU PRICK. I'm hoppin' mad, here. I want some heads to roll, I want people to fry, goddammit, I want some sacrificial lambs!

And you want to know what gets to me the most? There's really not one thing we can do about it. Everything's been ordered, payments have been made, literature sent out. This new logo, very, very unfortunately, is now a fact. The only thing that might do anything would be to get a letter-writing campaign going, send some bitter letters to Ken Burns or Ben Cohen or someone. And there's no guarantee that that will do anything.

You know, I *like* the tree-that-resembles-a-pot-leaf. I don't see why it has to go just for some stupid twenty-fifth anniversary thingie. Oh fucking well. Maybe Ken Burns designed the goddamn thing. No, that's too depressing a thought . . .

Anyway, that's it from

Limboland for this week. If anyone finds out/knows just who the fuckface was who approved this new design, let me know or, better yet, spit in his/her face for me. That would make me feel a little better at least. Tune in next week kids, for more exciting and largely pointless rantings. If that's what you like, you've come to the right place.

Till next we meet, kiddies, remember: Keep your feet on the ground, but keep reaching for the stars.

Thpph.

Josh Brassard



Continued on next page

Landmark College presents:

THE TRANSITION TO COLLEGE FOR STUDENTS WITH LEARNING DISABILITIES

Amherst, Massachusetts - the outreach department of Landmark College will sponsor an evening of information workshops discussing the challenges faced by students with learning disabilities entering higher education. Landmark is the nation's only accredited college for students with dyslexia, attention deficit disorder (ADD), and other specific learning disabilities. The presentations will take place **Thursday, February 16, 1995**, at Amherst College, Converse Assembly Room, South Pleasant Street, Amherst. Admission is free and all are welcome. A catered reception will follow.

The sessions will address issues surrounding learning disabilities and provide practical ideas and methods for succeeding in college. Topics include *The College Student With Attention Deficit Disorder (ADD)* (7 p.m.) and *Essential Study Skills for the Learning Disabled/ADD Student* (8 p.m.). It is estimated that 10-20 percent of all Americans have a learning disability.

Presenters include Dr. Lynda Katz, president of Landmark College, and Dr. Peter Denny, academic advisor. Katz came to Landmark from the University of Pittsburgh, where she held dual appointments as Associate Professor of Psychiatry and Education and Associate Professor of Health and rehabilitation Sciences. She remains an Adjunct Professor.

Landmark College celebrates its 10 year anniversary in 1995. Its philosophy is that students can and must learn language skills to succeed in college and the workplace and focuses on individual strengths and potential. Landmark offers an associate degree in general studies and an intensive study skills program.

For more information or to RSVP please contact Libby Lyman at 802-387-6719. Parking is available. The site is directly accessible from the Pioneer Valley Transit Authority (PVTa).

Northampton Arts Council Presents...

Silver Chord Bowl '95

New England's finest a cappella competition

Sunday, February 5, 2:00 p.m.

All seats 5 bucks

Academy of Music Theater, Northampton

The Silver Chord Bowl is also sponsored by the Community Health Plan,
BayBank, and the Eastside Grill